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VOL. LX.

NO. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cannabunt Sonores, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1895.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at the Cooperative Store.

THE TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR PRESS.

MDCCXCV.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Sixtieth Volume with the number for October, 1894. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, with regard to the editorial management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. LX.

APRIL, 1895.

No. 7

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '96.

MAITLAND GRIGGS.

GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON.

EDWIN SIDNEY OVIATT.

PHILIP CURRAN PECK.

CHAUNCEY WETMORE WELLS.

A COLLEGE ABUSE.

YALE gets her share of criticism, both from very well meaning but ill-informed persons, and from those qualified to criticise. We have been told that we are running to muscle and not to brains, that we are the most ill-mannered of Collegians and—what is the unkindest cut—that we are growing into a rich man's college. A fair look at the situation will show the falsity of these charges, but it will also reveal to the critic that there is ground for the accusation of undemocracy.

It is our custom to boast that one gets a fair chance, if ever, at Yale, and, certainly, there are few communities where men say, with equal sincerity—"rich or poor, let the best man win." And yet the conditions of things with us are such as to evoke from a Princeton man the criticism of—"that nest of petty politics and secret society nonsense." We may answer, as to the first charge, that Princeton may look home, and to the second, that the disciples of Dr. McCosh are not qualified to speak; but there the accusation remains and it would be hard to find a champion strong enough to remove it.

Does "the best man" win?—that is the question first to be answered. How many "best men" win where there is a chance for selfish and scheming men? Those of us who take pride in our Alma Mater, and especially in her reputation for honest manhood, must confess, with shame, that our social honors are very ill awarded and that men, who are far from representative, too often bear them.

The elective offices in any class, for example, should be the most enviable prizes which can attract the Yalensian's eye. Every unrepresentative man who gets an office, whether it be the Junior Promenade Committee or the business management of an athletic organization or whatever it be, is a reproach not only to the class, but to the whole university as represented by that class. The manifest failure of the undergraduate body in these particulars bids us be silent when the Princeton critic speaks. Let us then frankly confess that we are "a nest of petty politics," that many of us go about with the sole aim of winning a social success, and that therefore we do not meet our fellows on a frank and cordial basis.

There have been among us—within the memory of man—certain pretentious gentlemen who would not deign to speak to fellow students with whom they have been bench fellows, perhaps for terms. That is a very startling statement, a chill to every true democratic heart, incredible to many, but the facts will bear it out. It would seem that no such attitude could be assumed by a far-sighted politician, that lack of friendliness and of fundamental charity would be considered the most damnable of traits with us; and yet we find persons with no better claims sharing equal honors with the man of brains and with the athlete whose unselfish struggles and sacrifices have won glory for the university and have exalted our ideas of manhood.

As long as this condition of things exists no Yale man can accuse Harvard men of "snobbishness." College should be the place of all places where honest and sincere feeling exists among men, and when this ceases to be so we must look for the causes and put an end to them. It is at our own peril if we do not.

There is far too high a premium placed upon going with the "crowd." Many of us, who have the most honest intentions, find that we are ashamed to be seen walking with certain classmates and proud to be seen with others. Self-considered, there may be no difference in the men, but this one by virtue of eccentricities, or modesty, or mayhap sheer manliness and independence, will not submit to an artificial estimate; and that one?—oh, he has a "pull," was known at Andover or St. Paul's as so-and-so, belonged to such and such an organization there. This is the source of his popularity and so all the weak-kneed gentlemen and the careless or indolent as well as the petty-ambitious flock to him and hang upon his enviable coat skirts. Is it not a sad commentary upon "Yale independence" and "Yale spirit" that we allow a few school boys to select our prominent men for us? For prominence gained without prestige is a weary journey.

Here we strike the real root of the matter. The petty secret societies of the great preparatory schools dictate to the secret societies of Yale for at least three years of the course. Instead of rebuking such presumption we actually foster it. No one will deny that college politics are dominated by cliques, which have no earthly excuse for existence? They are shrewd enough, it is true, to get a percentage of some very good men in the entering classes, but that before other, and often better, men could be tested. They pick their favorites and elect them to any office within the gift of the class, they present a united front at all elections and easily defeat the dismembered majority, and saddest of all, the majority repeatedly presents its neck to be trampled on. By the time we discover the importance of the cliques we have become accustomed to speak of them with bated breath, and so we let the matter pass. To our shame, be it said, the best we can say of some of the most prominent men in Yale College is an association with this or that clique.

How to remedy such an evil is indeed a difficult question. Those who are in power could easily do it if they would. Again and again has the opportunity been offered

to them and again and again have they been unequal to it. Let it once be understood that connection with cliques will militate against a man rather than for him and the clique will melt like snow before the morning sun. When any student organization in Yale ceases to stand for democracy its right to continue is forfeited. The strongest of them owe their strength to this virtue and they are sure to fall if they do not abide by it.

Putting off the issue from year to year will not help us. The cliques must be put down, if not by those in power, then by the vast majority of the classes. The whole spirit of the thing is that of a political machine, a subtle and a cruel tyranny. In the name of justice and fair play then, and in the name of Yale democracy, let us have done with this source of all abuses.

Chauncey Wetmore Wells.

THE OTHER REASON.

IT was very warm in the dingy office of the "Evening Review," and Parker rose wearily from his desk and went to the window. The breeze came fresh and cool from down the valley and he stood a long while, leaning his head against the casement. The soft twilight of the June evening was fast enveloping the straggling houses and dusty streets of the little river town. Below him the idlers were seated on the curbstone before the post-office discussing the latest development of the strike, and the monotonous drone of their voices floated up through the darkness. Just visible at the top of the hill rose the long row of factories, and his face darkened as he thought of the struggle that was going on behind those brick walls. It had been a long time since that memorable first day when the whistles had blown in vain and a thousand work-benches stood deserted. The crisis had come this very morning, when the strikers stood outside the gates and shook their fists at the new men going in to fill their places. It seemed so petty and futile to Parker as he stood with face upturned to the last pale glow of sunset.

Some one came bounding up the stairs and burst into the room. The man turned quickly away from the window.

"Hello!" he said "who is it?"

"Its me, Kelly;—light up quick."

Parker lit a gas-jet and sat down at his desk. "Anything on deck out there?" he hazarded, nodding towards the street.

"Yes; Hell's let loose in the square and we've got a first class leader for to-morrow. Its worth a wire to the city."

The other looked at the clock and then at Kelly, who had taken up his pencil. "Not ten yet: no need of writing yet awhile—tell me about it."

The reporter flung his coat on the table, and then squared around in his chair. "Well, its just as we ex-

pected. The men were looking for mischief. They were like so much tinder and when of a sudden some one called out "There's one of 'em, boys. He's a scab—that's him," the flash came. They howled and made a rush to the fountain. There, jammed against the coping, was a chap with pale, scared face, and he was trying to push them back. But some one hit his arm a dirty clip with a billy and it fell limp. Then they pressed in close, and the next moment he was out among the crowd. Just then a cobble-stone struck him in the face. When they saw the blood, they cheered, and made a dash, and he went under. When I saw him again, there was another man with his arm around him helping him along. By gad, he was a brave one. He had to fight his way with one hand, but he laid about him with a stick, and the whole lot of them couldn't stop him. Since then I've been running around town watching the fun. The men are playing thunder with things generally. They've caught the Mayor and Marshall Gill and chased them down an alley, and the police are cooped up in Pott's drug store. It'll make a good story."

"Yes," said the other "it will. I'll hold the forms until you and Briggs get your stuff in," and he hurried to the tube. "You don't know who the second fellow was?" he added, coming back to his chair.

"No, I couldn't see plainly. Yet there was something familiar about him too—a trick of the shoulders that I've seen before. It might be—"

Just then the door opened. "Hello, Sam," said Parker to the new comer. "Come in. Take off your coat. Been out in the fuss? Kelly's been telling me about it—it's a bad business."

The stranger wore a battered derby hat pushed to one side, and his clothes were torn and dusty. His forehead was bound with a dirty handkerchief, spotted here and there with blood. He dropped upon the window sill. "Yes," he said, drawing his hand through his rumpled hair, "it is a bad business."

" You aren't hurt, are you, Sam?" queried the editor, glancing at Kelly, who stared fixedly at the man in the window.

" No, I ain't hurt—only a bit of skin knocked off. 'Taint no matter."

" Do you know who the fellow was that pulled the poor devil from underneath the crowd? Kelly was close by, but it was too dark to see."

A long silence followed and the two newspaper men waited impatiently. Finally Sam turned towards them with an impatient shake of his broad shoulders and began: " I might jest as well tell you fellows first as last. Every one on the street knows it now, and you'll hear it pretty soon—Yes, I know him—it was me." He stopped and his large grimy fingers clenched convulsively on the window-frame. Kelly, the reporter, nodded significantly to his chief.

" Well?" said Sam doggedly. Parker shifted uneasily in his chair. " Oh, its none of my affair," he said shortly, " only—"

" Only what?"

" See here," burst out the editor, losing patience, " What the devil's the matter with you? Are you crazy? Here you've riled the men, and risked your own hide—for what? For a dirty scamp who's taking the bread out of your mouth this very minute. I say, what made you do it?"

" Nothing made me, I just done it 'cause I wanted to—they weren't treating him fair. He was a poor weak cuss, and they had the whole town back of 'em—I couldn't stand by and see it—that's all."

Parker made a gesture of impatience. " Sam," he said abruptly, " you're lying—that isn't all. There's something back of that. Well, it doesn't concern me, only—well, it must have been a good deal. Why—do you know that you're a ruined man, as far as this town goes? Yes, you are. Before midnight, the whole town will hear of it and they'll walk the streets and curse you. I know what I'm talking about—why—"

"Yes," said Sam gravely. "I suppose that's so. I knew all that beforehand and yet—I am glad I done it."

"There's another thing. What about the election? What about that seat in council you were so sure of winning? Had you forgotten that? What was your plurality at the caucus?"

"Five hundred and ten," answered Sam, stolidly.

"Well, you mark my word! If you get ten votes at that election, I'll give you my place in this office. Why, you'll be the most unpopular man in town—they'll throw mud—they'll hoot and jeer—why don't you say something, and not sit there stock still. Oh, you're a fool, you are! I can't talk to you."

"Parker," began Sam slowly, and his voice trembled a little, "I—I knowed you'd blame me, and feel all roused up 'bout this business, and I'm sorry, 'cause you and I has been friends—I'm going to tell you the truth—then p'rhaps you'll understand—. I know the man they was mobbing to-night—he and I growed up together in the same town down the river—we was like two brothers. Why, I loved that man so—well, I loved him mighty deep. After a while I come up here to work and I used to write him how nice I was getting on—then this strike come—and first I knowed he writ he was coming to get a job. I tried to stop him, but it wasn't no use—he come. Well, I thought there was going to be trouble to-night and I kept my eye on him. I heard 'em yell—I run up—they was trampling on him—I couldn't stand it no way—I just went in and helped him. That's all. Now, Parker, don't you see how 'tis? I couldn't do no other way, 'cause he's my friend—I'd do the same for you—well, as I said, that's all there is to it."

Kelly nodded his head approvingly and drummed with his finger nails on the desk. Visions of a story, which should win him fame, floated before him. He would tell of this knight with the battered hat and dusty clothes, and how he fought his way through the darkness. It would be fresh and fine and true.

Parker rose suddenly and went over to the man at the window. "Sam," he said quietly, "you did the square thing—I'm glad—but it's going to be awfully hard for you and me too. What shall I do? I've got to notice this affair in the paper, and what shall I say? Oh! it's too bad."

"That's just what I come for."

"What?"

"Why, about the paper. I wanted to ask you to kind of give him a show. The boys was mad—oh, it wasn't fair no way—I thought as how perhaps you'd do the right thing in the paper—"

"Sam," said Parker sharply, "listen! The 'Tribune' will come out to-morrow with a double-header patting those fellows on the back. I can't fall behind. I'm in this thing for the money there is in it. I've got to live some way, and so has she and the boy at home—I'm bound hand and foot—I must be on the popular side, or this paper'll stop! Don't you see how it is? I'd do anything for you, Sam, but, my God, man, I've got to live."

Sam stared at him a moment and then his face fell. "Of course," he said slowly, "you *hev* got to live—that's so; I might *hev* knowed and not come pestering you—but I jest thought as how you could help me—I—I'm all muddled some way to-night—my head sort of hurts me—I'm sorry I bothered you 'bout it—I won't no more—"

He turned and walked slowly towards the door. With his hand on the knob he paused and a change seemed to come over him. He drew himself up to his full height and threw back his head. "'Bout that election," he cried, with a sudden flash in his eyes, "I don't care a damn! They can do as they please with me—you can write what you want to—t'wont make no difference! Some day, p'rhaps, when the little yellow curs has stopped their howling, I'll come back to this here office, and I'll say 'I'm going to run fer council and then—I'll win.'" He opened the door quickly; "I must hurry—I've got to get them off on the packet to-night."

"Them?" said Parker curiously, "who's them?"

"Why—him—and—his wife—I—they've both agot to to get out 'fore morning or something'll happen—they might hurt her—the curs!" He crushed his hat fiercely between his fingers. "I used—to know her—down the river." With this he strode out into the night.

Parker listened for a long time to the sound of scurrying feet and shrill cries that rose from the street below. He smiled a little and turned to Kelly.

"The yellow curs are pretty mad to-night. And he's gone down among them to fight and live it out alone. Well, I don't much wonder, I knew there was some other reason. What strange things a man will do when there's a woman back of it all!"

Cornelius P. Kitchel.

WHITE ROSES.

A rose and a lily, pale as death,
Grew in a garden fair;
And the rose was sweet as a maiden's breath,
And soft as a maiden's hair.

But the lily was pale and pure and cold,
As ice or the driven snow;
And the rose grew warm with a love untold,
With a love that flowers know.

But the lily scorned this blood-red rose,
"Your hue is the color of sin,
Or the stain of crime, when the life-blood flows,
That tainteth the soul within."

Then the rose looked up to the heavens above,
"Ah! make me pure!" she cried,
And paler and purer she grew through love,
Till one autumn morn she died.

A rose and a lily, pale as death,
Grew in a garden fair;
And the rose was sweet as a maiden's breath,
And pure as a maiden's prayer.

Charles Edward Thomas.

AMUSEMENT AND STORY TELLING.

IN the days of our grandfathers, when the hours were twice as long as they are now, the amusement seeker was not unwilling to absorb whatever observations on politics or morals he might find mixed in with his story. But to-day his time has become so valuable that he wishes to gulp down only the boiled essence of amusement with all foreign substances removed. He is as loath to learn a lesson as any small boy and makes a great disturbance if one is forced upon him. Alas, if the attractive looking book with an equivocal name which he has bought in the hope of beguiling a few hours in the train or by the fire-side should turn out to be a sermon in disguise! If he is a swearing man, as is most likely, he indulges in a few instructive critical expletives and then denounces the book as a fraud and its author as a double dyed swindler. His whole conduct is strikingly similar to that of the boy who penetrated too deeply into the sweets of a quinine pill. The only difference is that no one ever thought of denouncing the druggist as a swindler or the pill as a fraud.

Although we can fully sympathize with the amusement seeker in his aversion to purpose novels, we can not but be amused at his frantic attempts to argue it out of existence. Of course we all feel sorry for the poor little boy he so pathetically describes who was cheated out of an hour's pleasant reading about pirates and what not, and inveigled by a long-faced uncle into listening to a long winded moral with a story. But we feel less compassion for the man who, in these days of innumerable book reviews, buys a novel without knowing anything of its contents and suddenly finds himself entangled in the meshes of a theological controversy. It is absurd for any one who thus speculates in fiction to claim that he has been cheated when he emerges with a purpose novel on his hands. As if it were any worse to put dogma in an amusing form than to hide medicine in sugar coated pills! The critics forget that there are many of us who like a

little moral and intellectual physic once in a while and that we much prefer to take it in homeopathic doses. If an author really feels constrained to propagate her views on the rottenness of existing social systems or the perfidy of the male sex she does well to clothe them in yellow covers. If her story is only interesting enough we are willing she should argue that the earth is flat. The difficulty is that it is almost impossible to write a good or even a readable purpose novel. Undeniably a large proportion of the word-jumbles which to-day masquerade under the guise of fiction are stories of this class. But it is no more fair to judge the purpose novel by these impostors than it would be to condemn poetry because we can't approve of doggerel. In its most perfect development the purpose novel has fully proved its right to be called a legitimate branch of fiction.

Not content with ostracizing the purpose novel, our amusement seeker would fain banish all purpose from fiction. "Let the story be interesting," he cries, "and never mind the rest." Amusement is what he asks, and amusement is what he gets. Truth to life and character, perfection of style and form are all offered up at this altar. Nowhere has this sacrifice been more readily made than in the short story. Especially is this true in college writing where the stimulus of hot literary competition still further tends to drag down ideals. Too often the student takes up his pen, not because he has something to say but because he feels constrained to say something. If he succeeds in knitting the threads of old plots into a form new and amusing enough to make his story "go," he pats himself on the back and is satisfied. His highest ideal of style is to crack as many jokes and be as amusing as possible. This tendency is evident in his heavier articles also. The idea seems to be gaining ground that cleverness of diction is of more importance than dramatic art or soundness of critical thought. To be sure, a pleasing style is invaluable as an ornament, but if too much stress is laid upon it the result is apt to remind us of the man who thought of nothing but his clothes. Literary elegance all too easily degenerates into literary foppery.

The principle of "spare the rod and spoil the child" should be rigidly applied by writers of fiction. If the amusement seeker's demands are too indulgently granted the result will be disastrous. We do not mean to suggest that the novelist ought to season his stories with moral lectures, nor do we ask for any more purpose novels. We do not wish "Slaughter Jack Bloodhand," the "Weir Wolf of the West" to stop terrorizing Indians and take to scalping bacteria. We do not deny that the chief function of the novelist is to amuse and entertain. But the amusement he furnishes must be stimulating and uplifting or it falls below our requirements. The blood-curdling escapades of our friend Slaughter Jack may be exciting and interesting enough, but on the whole we prefer those of D'Artagnan. The work of the novice who tries to write novels without any experience of life or knowledge of literature and the principles of style, is often amusing. But the novelist's ambition should soar higher than the position of circus clown. Even the famous watchword "Art for Art's sake," is not sufficient for the writer of fiction unless he means by it something more than a Zolaistic description of whatever he sees around him, regardless of whether it contains any beauty or not. It may be high art to paint a pig with exact faithfulness to every filthy detail, but we doubt if many of us could find much inspiration in the picture which the author of "Trilby" so enthusiastically describes as "M. Bagot's little, piebald piglings and their venerable, black mother and their immense, fat, wallowing pink papa." Nor would these piglings be any more edifying if they had pretty little golden angels' wings on their spotted shoulders. The story-teller meets our requirements no better by representing Mr. Denny McCluskey as playing the part of a good Samaritan than by painting him in all the disgustingness of his most loathsome crime. In the long run the only stories that prove to have any real value are those which are true to nature. If an author's horizon is so limited that he cannot find any nature with enough of beauty and human interest in it to make it worth painting it would be better for him not to write at all.

With such restrictions we place the novelist before the shop window of life and bid him choose. We care not what he selects, whether he take it from the sunny shelf or the dark and dusty corner, if only it is amusing. And as the father gives his son the games which most tend to develop manly qualities, so we demand that the novelist shall furnish us with amusement that shall tend not to debase but to ennoble.

Nathan Ayer Smyth.

PHANTASY.

The Maiden.

Sombre and slow on midnight wings
That sail while Clotho hoarsely sings,
Sweeps the shadowy brood of Nights to come,
Sweeps the sad-eyed band of the Fell-fates on,
Black and stern and harrowing.

The Youth.

Dead is the flower long pressed away,
Dead as my love for thee.
—Let the wind moan, what care the gods
For the rose she gave to me.

The Maiden.

They come, they come, through lowering skies
Glint the first dull sparks of their horrid eyes,
I see them gathering, Fell-fates all,
I hear their muttering, ghostly call.
Ah ! stay for a heart that dies.

The Youth.

I will treasure the flower that the June-breeze kissed,
The breeze that has sighed for thee.
—But the dry leaves fall, 'tis the Fell-fates will
For the love she gave to me.

Robert L. Munger.

BELATED GUESTS.—A SKETCH.

“ COME 'long, Pete, you aint 'ny comp'ny draggin' behind like that. We aint goin' to be on time for that weddin' if you don't brace up a bit. Do you see that church steeple over there? That's the town and 't aint far now. Git down, pup! I hain't got nothin' for you. Jes' like a dog—always hungry, and you've had three square meals since I've had a bite. Git down, I tell you.”

Pete obeyed. He not only got down, but to his master's intense disgust he got way down, and stretched himself out in the dusty road as if haste were not to be thought of and the prospect of attending a wedding rather a bore than otherwise. But with the sagacity of his race he kept one eye open, letting the other do the preliminaries to sleep. It was a wise precaution, for the next moment he was frantically dodging his master's half-bootless foot.

Pete was a dirty dog. But he was even lazier than he was dirty, and the instincts of that high breed, which his master was always boasting for him, were undiscoverable. In appearance the man was hardly better than the beast, the last few years of constant travelwear and travel-stain having left his costume clinging together only by single threads, and preserving none of its original hue.

“ Yes, that's jes' it, you little good-for-nothin' cur, you've eat so much already that you're sleepy. Them were all lies I been tellin' 'bout your fine breed. No dog with any kind o' stock in him would ac' like you.” This touched a sore spot in the beast, and with tail between his legs, he came shrinking toward his accuser, all submission and penitence. Narrowly avoiding a collision with his irate master's boot, he encountered only a torrent of abuse.

“ There, you ungrateful little gutter cur. Wish't that had knocked your brains out into the road. You ain't got 'nough anyhow to know when you're well off. Ain't I showed you that invertashun o' ours 'nough times? Can't you 'preciate nothin'? Here 'tis, read it,” and he leaned over, holding the card before the dog's nose.

"Ther-pleasure-o'-your-comp'ny-is-re——' says *your* comp'ny don't it? That don't mean anybody, if 't ain't me and you. You don't find them things lyin' in the road ev'ry day, invitin' you to come and tellin' you where." Carefully he refolded the dirt-begrimed note and took pains to put it in the only pocket still intact. His look of supreme disgust at Pete's ignorance was slowly changing to one of real compassion. The dog too, was exerting all his persuasive powers to be re-instated to favor, and his joy was unconcealed as he saw his master slowly, surely relenting.

"Changin' your mind, eh? Guess you didn't un'stand what a weddin' was. P'raps I'd ought to told you before, but somehow I thought you were old 'nough to know." The two companions, thoroughly reconciled, sat down by the side of the road, the dog making profuse demonstrations of affection.

"Sometimes, Pete, they holds 'em in houses. This one o' ours don't say no church, so I 'xpect it's a house weddin'. If 'tis, we don't stand much show o' gettin' in, 'cause folks has to be more particular how they looks. An' I hardly thinks you'd pass." Then the wedding was painted in gay colors for the dog's benefit and at length the tramp struck upon the point of mutual interest,

"Eat? O' course. You needn't prick up your ears 's if you could'n hear. That's jes' where me and you comes in, Pete. Ice cream—do you know what that means? an' ev'rythin' you want. We has to call at the back door I spouse, but don't you care jes' so longs's we gets in. Yes, you're dyin' to go now."

The two tramps were soon seen disappearing down the road toward the village trudging side by side, the man continuing his monologue to the dog.

Late that night a citizen of the village found under his front door this barely readable lead pencil scrawl:—"Mr. Dunn-Logan and his dorg, pete, regrits like hell that they wus Delaid on the rode and previnted from gittin there Shair of the wedin brekfust." The man finished picking out this astonishing note and looked exceedingly per-

plexed. But upon turning the paper over he discovered that it was an invitation to his daughter's wedding which had occurred just a year ago that evening.

All night long, a miserable dog wailed piteously outside the village jail behind whose walls a tramp slept in a vagrant's cell.

Maitland Griggs.

————— • • • —————

ON THE WATCH TOWER IN AQUITAINE.

A thousand bivouacs blaze by night
 Beneath the castle walls,
 Ten thousand knights spring up at light
 When ring the bugle calls.

Ten thousand flashing shields and glaives,
 And banners floating free,
 White plumes that tossed as dance the waves
 Upon a crested sea,

Light hoofs impatient to be gone
 Or flying on the plain,
 Light the proud eyes that watch at dawn—
 The lord of Aquitaine.

But his heart is ever where she doth wait,
 He spurs his good steed fast,
 And he is come to the castle gate
 To part with his love at last.

She lies like a rose upon his breast
 With the sun and the dew in her glance ;
 Lightly he lifts the snow white crest
 From the knightliest head in France.

"Weep not as for one passed away
 Through dull, dead days of pain,
 In Christ's dear hand my life I lay,
 And I may come again.

"But if no more by sea or shore
 Or in the lofty halls—
 The Death Flame of my sires shall lower
 At midnight on the walls."

His voice like distant vesper peals
Sank on the silence dread,
As through some deep cathedral steals
The requiem for the dead.

Farewell—from flying scarfs and hands,
The plumes of sweeping light
Fade far away as mist that stands
On the border land of night.

* * *

The gardens of Damascus wake
To cry and trumpet peal ;
The shadowy palms and citrons shake
Above the rush of steel.

Death lurks among the shady bowers
Thrust through by sword and lance ;
Low lies among the tangled flowers
A snow white crest of France.

* * *

Ah Aquitaine—upon thy wall
Between the dusk and the dawn,
Breathed a light flame—blue—mystical,
On a soul that faints as the eyelids fall,
Fluttered—and then was gone.

Albert Sargent Davis.

A FRENCH LYRICIST.

DAINTINESS is the dominant tone of lyricism, but the key-note is sympathy. In France so often and so clearly had the "dominant" been sounded that not until this century did songsters chime the key-note in harmony. The earlier lyricists never went below the surface; they sang of what they saw and questioned not. But quite unlike the ever mirthful melody of Désaugiers and his school is the full chord of blended daintiness and sympathy struck by Béranger. Through all his sparkling verse there runs a delightful strain of tender sentiment—music thrilling deeply into the great heart of his people. Yet the pathos is not profound, the grief not overmastering.

Critics, whose trade is comparison, have often thoughtlessly styled Béranger "the French Burns." Both were patriotic, lovers of wine and women, of artistic grace and symmetry, but here the analogy breaks off abruptly. Burns has a wealth of love, despair, and hatred—Titanic passions which Béranger never truly felt. The Caledonian poet's love of the outdoors world was sincere; Béranger looked at the country through the spectacles of a city-bred Parisian. In the songs on "Highland Mary" and the "Cotter's Saturday Night" Burns struck heart-throbbing chords which contrast strangely with Béranger's graceful measures. These Scottish songs, however, have not the rollicking humor of the French refrains—the flowing mane by which Béranger grasped his Pegasus—nor the joyous spirit of gay good-fellowship.

Béranger was schooled in the delicate verse of Horace and Boileau. He never felt the extremes of love and hate, and passion in his songs is but a smouldering fire. Even his immorality is not the vigorous coarseness of Swift, but rather the feminine sensuousness of a rose-garlanded Ovid. He was a true classicist, leaving nothing to chance, and with slight respect for the extravagances

of Victor Hugo and Gautier. His contagious gayety, seemingly so spontaneous, is carefully studied, and critics, not a few, have said that his poems smell of the lamp. Panard and Désaugiers, his fellow Bacchanalians, might awake from their revels to reel off the most bewitching poetry, but Béranger's metre would be as unsteady as his head.

It was, however, as the lord of misrule, and the priest of Bacchus and Venus—two deities very dear to the Gallic heart—that he won his loudest plaudits. With a gay, good-natured scapegrace for a father, and a mother who enjoyed an unenviable popularity, it is not strange that Béranger was a careless Bohemian. His only inheritance from his father was a spirit of mirth and joyousness which laughed at poverty, and slammed the door on the wolf outside. Even when his garret-lodging was dingiest, and his scanty wardrobe in a doubtful state of repair, he did not complain. There were always friends, and songs and quondam mistresses to dream of.

It was the glorious *vie de Bohème* that he lived, clinking glasses across the table with Marie or Jeannette at a three-franc café on the Boulevard, trolling out ringing *chansons* in praise of wine and women; small matter if his coat were borrowed, and his trousers shabby. None could laugh more heartily—and laughter cost nothing. His half-dozing conscience felt no twinges. The only God he knew was a "*Dieu des bonnes gens*," who would not readily punish anyone, nor let the poor suffer. To him religion contained little that was intelligible and he brushed it impatiently from his path as a cobweb whose intricacies he cared not to examine.

Béranger's themes are the humblest events of everyday life—such scenes as Millet loved to paint. The friends to whom he introduces us are altogether delightful—the portly old village curé, who drinks with the best of us, and had far rather preach the doctrine of original and necessary sin than its punishment, whose only benediction for buxom Marie is a kiss. Lisette, with the laughing eyes, and rosy lips—which the "Bon Dieu" has

made to be kissed—who loves champagne, as who should not; and the genial “Roi d’ Yvetot”—so great a favorite of Thackeray—who with a night-cap for a crown ambles through the village streets on a long-eared donkey, with all the curly-pated urchins of the neighborhood at his heels.

Béranger was more than a mere lyricist of striking genius. The Revolution of 1789 colored the whole French literature of the times, and Béranger, then a boy who saw from his school-house roof the capture of the Bastile, soon learned to strike the anvil of patriotic sentiment with no uncertain ring. In France, ridicule is far more effective than bitter polemics, and, during the stormy days of the Bourbons and the first Napoleon, Béranger’s political satires made him a central figure. So long as the French eagles moved on to victory many bards there were to chant the nation’s triumphs to an enthusiastic chorus. But when defeat narrowed Napoleon’s empire into the Bourbons’ kingdom, and loyalty to the old régime had no longer its money equivalent in imperial offices, Béranger alone championed the wrongs of the oppressed. His ardent songs passed from hand to hand, kindled the old fire of patriotism and revived stirring memories of the “Great Napoleon” and the “Old Guard.” He never cared to stand aloof from the people he loved, but boasted himself “a man of the people, in arm, heart and brain.” At the height of his popularity, when a sudden turn of Fortune’s wheel threw the government into his admirers’ hands, he might have been the political ruler of France. But he wisely put aside such honors and remained—as he is to-day—the French National Poet.

George Henry Nettleton.

NOTABILIA.

THE non-award of the LIT. Medal has furnished critics a handle on which to hang numerous complaints. Envy and Hatred have long since probed to the quick the weak points in Yale's athletic armor; now, Malice and All Uncharitableness clang their shafts against our literary shield and fancy that it rings hollow. The *Evening Post* would have it that the death-knell of Yale's literary spirit is already in the air, and instead of eulogizing the dead would analyze the last heart-throbs. Even the hitherto mild-eyed and inoffensive *Outlook* bestows upon us its obituary notice.

Yet, despite the critics, matters literary have permanent foothold at Yale. The old spirit of abject reverence for the classics has gradually—for conservatism must work out its salvation slowly—given way to increased interest in art and letters and a corresponding broadening of the curriculum. The library as a working-factor in the college world, the general interest in hotly-contested LIT. elections, the vigorous protest for still increased advantages, are perhaps straws, but they have their meaning. Interest in athletics has indeed increased rapidly, and even the valedictorian of the old school has passed away—for once Yale has slipped the bonds of conventionalism—yet with these changes have been awakened new interest and genuine enthusiasm in other lines. Never before has Yale grappled more closely, more seriously, with a broader range of subjects, nor has her outlook ever been more encouraging. We still decry abuses—perfection is not a near possibility—but the trend of the University is toward manly appreciation of the best. The college papers, realizing at last their opportunities, are broadening their platforms and building them firmer. The sympathetic appreciation of literature which Prof. McLaughlin left as his heritage to Yale, has borne abundant fruit, and no longer is the Yale man graduated a finished scholar and a literary boor—a cultured ignoramus. We still ad-

mit the need of more æsthetic culture ; the Yale spirit—the rugged old Scotch spirit of earnestness and enthusiasm—can well afford to have its rough angles polished ; but the Yale graduate is no longer an unlettered man.

We deny that our interest in college writing and in literature is declining—it is rather on the rapid increase. We need new courses in literature, and more professors. We need a Faculty ready to recognize this widespread interest and to encourage it. Above all, in college writing, we need genuine literary feeling and originality. All this and much more is necessary, yet we dare boldly say that never, in recent years, has the individual college man so thoroughly awakened to his own need of literary expression and the desire to cultivate it—never has the literary spirit of Yale been more universal or more genuine.

* * * * *

The recent agitation of the Chapel Service question has provoked general discussion as to Yale's attitude towards religion. The critics roundly score existing conditions, and a few charge us with sins, the least of which is apathy. We, however, believe that Yale is truly and vitally interested in religion, and that even under the occasional veneer of skepticism is deep-seated respect for morality at least. It is not true that college men have lost the power to think seriously, or the inclination to do so. Never have sincerity, integrity, and manhood been more respected at Yale.

The problem of college chapel is to touch this underlying depth of sentiment—for we no longer wear our hearts upon our sleeves. A college preacher possesses to-day, as he never has done before, the opportunity to powerfully influence the college world. It is a Yale characteristic to respect earnestness, and the man with a message need never fear the sneers of so-called Yale cynics. And the man without a message has no place here. The dry bones of theology were matter enough for dissecting sermonizers a century ago, but they have been picked bare to the marrow. We want no theologian to draw hard-and-fast lines between creeds, no rhetorician to skillfully

mince phrases—but a stalwart, thorough manhood which shall teach by example as well as by ringing diction.

Great preachers — their congregations guard them jealously, that none else may hear what should sound freely to all. The college needs these men. Yale is crippled for funds—the many members of the same body need each their physician, but the soul of the college cannot long stand neglect.

* * * *

The LIT. Sanctum will be open on Tuesday afternoons, from half-past three until five, for the criticism and return of rejected manuscripts.

PORTFOLIO.

SUMMER MORNING.

There's no taint upon the lily
 Lying there
 In the brown mould dank and chilly,
 Oh, so fair.

A song to me the air is bringing ;
 It is mine.
 From the hovel comes the singing
 So divine.

C. B. DEC.

—A cold grey morning on the Jersey coast. Behind rise the bare Highlands crowned with the "Twin Lights of Navesink" which have just gone out, and stand *ON THE BULKHEAD.* like Cyclops who have lost their eyes. Before is the Atlantic, still and wicked-looking in the morning light. To the left extends Sandy Hook, and over across the outer bay, "far Rockaway" can just be seen. A pale twinkle places the light-ship, far out.

Along the beach is a row of summer cottages, the greater part of them closed and boarded up, for it is late in the season, and their owners have gone back to town. One of them, however, is yet occupied, and out in front of it on the wooden bulkhead, which stretches out its unsightly length for miles down the coast, stand a girl and a great shaggy dog. The girl is cloaked in an old "reefer," and on her hair is a Tam O'Shanter which the wind has blown awry. She is gazing intently through a glass on the sea just off the Hook. From time to time the dog looks up at her inquiringly, and follows her gaze and whines as if he understood.

The girl has been standing for a long time motionless. Suddenly her hands tighten on the glass and she steps forward as if to get a nearer view. From behind the Hook a dot has just appeared, after which trails a thread of smoke. The glass follows it, moving slowly toward the open sea, till it disappears and even the smoke fades away. The glass is lowered, and the girl gazes blankly where the smoke was.

"That was the Umbria, Thor," she says softly to the dog. "She is going clear, clear across the sea to Liverpool—three

thousand miles. She sailed at half past five this morning, *this morning, Thor.*"

She turns and looks at the house, and again over the water. Then her eyes fill with tears, and, falling on her knees, she buries her face in the dog's rough coat. C. B. DE C.

—With the new dormitories has come in a luxury which was a necessity to our fathers, the open fire. Then it was a hard master, but now a good companion, that fills *EMBERS.* hours with dreamy revery which "not poppy nor mandragora" give, nor even a pipe, for the fire and I lose friendship when either of us smokes.

The first pale flames from the snapping kindlings send dancing shadows of the andirons about the room, and then die down to a bed of coals, on which the grim back-logs hiss and

"Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind."

This is the critical moment, the time for bellows and vigorous blowing. Slowly the richer flame mounts up, gilded with the sunshine of thirty summers, and wreathed in pearly smoke where strange pictures flicker and fade. Care and trouble never enter these bright castles of Spain, and time goes by unnoticed, until the heavy log-ends fall beyond the embers and smoulder with an occasional gasp of flame. The creeping sparks disappear from the dingy back-bricks like frost-chilled fireflies, and dying embers put on their thin white shroud of ashes.

W. D. M.

—Madame carried the light and he, freighted with rugs and a hard, French pillow, stumbled up after. He chose the

WHERE VICTOR HUGO SLEPT. front room. This he found quite bare but

not musty. Madame's upper windows were open every bright morning. Not so solemn either, the coacher's whips and oaths were splitting the welkin along the avenue below. Madame wished to be assured that he had all that could make him comfortable. Her quizzical air had not yet worn off—after all his laborious explanations! "Name of a dog! Why should the foreign stranger desire to sleep in the great Hugo's room, hein?" She left him two star candles, which he snuffed without thinking of making up, beforehand, his bed, on the waxed floor. More

or less of that night was spent at the windows. At last he drew inside with a shake, and brought the folds of the window together. He groped for an edge of his blanket ; clasping this he rolled softly over the floor, struck the farther wall, and finding himself as snug as a papoose, went off to sleep, spurning the hard French head-piece.

He says, too, that he dreamed of "Ruy Blas"—how grandly the poor tragic craven thunders "Viola votre facon de servir" and all that.

Of course it woke him—that last act. He was given several starts and fits of rubbing the eyes, in a dream-performance of *Hernani*, likewise.

He didn't try *Les Misérables* in default of bromi-dia, but fell to dreaming on the little salon which the great man held Saturdays beneath where he lay. When morning got him on his feet he hurried down to pay respects and recompense to Madame, whose final query was, "pas de mauvais rêves eh?" He looked back as he swung onto the Passey-Bourse omnibus to read again the cruelly terse inscription on the square little "hotel" he was leaving. And a flapping canvas on the roof bore a red and wordy "a louer."

E. C. S.

—Every darkey within a radius of five miles was making his way that night toward Colonel Jennings' plantation. Men, women and children, singly, and in groups, *ANTICIPATION—REALIZATION.* came stumbling along. Every one with a broad smile and rows of gleaming teeth, were visible as far down the road as one could see. It was the happy smile of anticipation.

Then, far out on the fields rang the lusty lungs of General George. He was standing in the corn pile on his only leg, waving his substitute for the other in the air, and with his head thrown back, was giving full vent to the old "Ho mer Riley ho." The answering choruses sounded like a wilderness of howling animals. But soon a pitched battle was waging between the rival factions of huskers, and hideous cries of pain tore the night air in the place of "Ho mer Riley."

The late moon rising over the crest of the hill, lighted up the road and fell upon the huskers, shambling home. Every one was either limping or carrying his head in bandages ; but over the face of every one was spread the same happy "corn

shuckin' grin." The old melodies rang out joyfully as ever, and if a few less teeth gleamed in their smiles of realization, it was only because there were fewer left to gleam. M. G.

— The bells of Bailham were ringing, and their chimes pealed the evening anthem from the abbey down the quiet valley. The monastery had been established *THE BELLS OF BAILHAM.* by an ancient order of monks, who lived and died in its solitude while ivy over-ran its walls. As each trappist was laid away in his last resting place, a new bell was set in the tower.

To-day an old monk was sitting in his stone-cased chamber listening to the chimes; a smile passed over his face as he recognized the music, and he remained motionless. The bells were swelling an hosannah from the deep rolling tones to the high notes of exaltation. He listened as the chimes played on, ascending to the last tremulous note of the final hosannah. Then there was a pause, and no note came where the beautiful finale of the choral should be. The monk sighed and rested his head upon his hand, while the bells repeated the anthem. Again the last note was missing, and the old man raised his head, thinking of the time when his bell should be among the chimes, and from the far distance he should hear the full-voiced anthem peal.

F. T.

— The children stand on the road where the hill rises almost sheer. There are a few bushes and rocks clinging to it; elsewhere it is bare, slippery clay.

THE KIND THAT CONQUER. "I will climb up there," says the boy. "There is no use," says the girl, "you can see nothing, and besides your clothes will get dirty."

The boy does not answer, but rushes at the hill impetuously. Three steps—he slips and rolls to the bottom, covered with mud.

The man seated at a little distance sees this last. The boy is led away in disgrace, and the girl follows, crying in sympathy.

The sun has set, and twilight is coming on. Down the road comes the boy. He stops before the hill, looks back a moment, and then for a long time carefully scans the height. Slowly

and cautiously he begins the ascent. The loose stones form a doubtful foothold, but the scraggy bushes are surer, and by these he drags his small body upwards. When all else fails the fingers are dug desperately in the soft earth.

At last the boy nears the top; over the ledge he crawls, clutching at the long grass. He stands erect and looks down where he has climbed.

"There," he pants, "I said I would do it." C. B. DE C.

—The Cynic tossed his gloves down nervously and took up a book from the table. It was a book he had killed in his literary column the week before. He was a literary critic; it was his business to be sour; he was paid for it. Twelve dollars a column.

THE CYNIC. He did not trust himself to look at the girl at his side, so they both were silent. There were crumpled pages in the volume, here and there a leaf had been turned down, once there was the suspicion of a tear-stain. That page was a scene he had especially disliked. It was rankly sentimental, he thought, with the girl in tears, and the man—how ludicrous and how absurd—the man at her side, and pleading. He had ground that down unmercifully, he knew. But then,—he was paid for that. Twelve dollars a column. There was a sneer on his face as he turned the leaves.

The girl looked up at him shyly. Her lips quivered when she saw him laugh. His bitterness always troubled her.

"It's one of those everlasting books that deal in love," he said. "The field's about worn out. There are a few other things in the world than love, love, love," and he shut up the book with a slam and laid it down on the table. The cynic's knowledge of men and life was mostly from his head, and his bitterness was mostly got from theory. But then, he gained his livelihood that way. It was money in his eyes. Twelve dollars a column.

He felt a little uncomfortable after that. He, a man of the world, who earned his living by his brain, who took such pleasure in a bitter word to younger writers. That was because there were too many of them. Of course. He did not stop to think that once a novel of his own had fared as ill. But he could not write novels. Perhaps that was what made him so bitter.

The cynic looked around the room in the lamplight. He wound his watch-chain on his finger. Then he looked at the girl. She was toying with a paper-cutter on the table. Then he looked at the book again.

"Love is not the only thing in the world—nor the greatest. Money and position,—and power among men are greater." Then a silence. The paper-cutter touched the table a moment and then slipped from her hands.

"Are you quite so sure?" It was a sweet voice. The lips were trembling ever so little.

The Cynic jerked his fingers nervously. He looked down at the upturned face, where the brown hair tumbled. The eyes were pleading. For a moment he wavered. He felt his whole philosophy on which he had built his life, and for which he lived, melting away from him. He looked down again at the table. In the lamplight his face was flushing. Then he stepped a little nearer. She must have seen the look in his eyes, for she turned her head a little. Her breath came soft and quick, her hand stole out across the table. There was another, a longer pause. Then his voice came in a whisper. It was the veriest trifle of a word, but on the Cynic's lips it sounded oddly.

E. S. O.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The News Elections.

On February 25th at a meeting of the incoming Senior Board of the *Yale News*, A. P. Stokes, Jr., '96, was elected Chairman and J. B. Neale, '96, Business Manager. F. E. Weyerhaeuser, '96, was elected Chairman of the *Alumni Weekly*, and W. F. Forepaugh, '96 S., Business Manager.

The Lit. Elections.

The '96 Lit. Board organized on March 6th and elected C. W. Wells Chairman, and P. C. Peck Financial Editor. The departments were assigned as follows: C. W. Wells, Editor's Table; P. C. Peck, Memorabilia; M. Griggs, Portfolio; G. H. Nettleton, Notabilia; E. S. Oviatt, Book Notices.

The Record Elections.

At a meeting held March 12th, G. X. McLanahan, '96, was elected Chairman, and W. H. Wadhams, '96, Business Manager.

The Lit. Banquet.

The 59th annual Lit. banquet was held on March 25th at Traeger's. Places were set for about forty, Lindsay Denison, '95, and Emerson G. Taylor, '95, acting as toast masters. The following toasts were responded to:

The Outgoing Board, Lindsay Denison, '95
"Hang up your bills."—*Marlowe's Faustus*.

The Incoming Board, Chauncey Wetmore Wells, '96
"Not all the water in the great, rude sea,
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king."

—*Richard II.*

The University, W. H. Bishop, '67
"Not that the opinion of the *Evening Post* matters."—*C. A. Dana*.

Yale and Literature, William Lyon Phelps, '87
"We are that non-hallowed race
That cling to an unswallowed piece,
And spin;
Superior degenerates, beholden to vertebrates,
Fates butts and bates, God's veriest hates
And what not.
They say? Eh? What say they?
Let them say!"—*Rejected Contribution*.

The Yale Daily News, Roswell B. Mason, '95
 "— by deeds, not years."—*Sheridan's Pissarro*.

The Graduation of the Athlete, F. S. Butterworth, '95
 "Dies irae, dies illa
 Solvet saeculum in favilla."—*Thomas a Cellano*.

Co-Education, Henry N. Hyde, '95
 "They are the real long-haired grinds."—*Carm. Yalen*.

Saint Elihu, Lewis S. Welch, '89
 "The awful shadow of an unseen power
 Floats, tho' unseen, among us."—*Shelley*.

The Yale Scientific Monthly, Lloyd W. Smith, '95 S.
 "Hence, $P=2\pi\sqrt{\frac{l}{g}}$ "
 —*Yale Scientific Monthly*.

The Green Mountain State, James F. Hooker, '95
 "The great pie belt of New England."—*Rudyard Kipling*.

Among those present were: Professor Cook, W. H. Bishop, '67, Dr. Phelps, '87, L. S. Welch, '89, H. W. Wells, '89, A. W. Colton, '90, R. H. Nichols, '94, E. B. Reed, '94, R. S. Baldwin, '95, F. S. Butterworth, '95, J. E. Cooper, '95, Laurens Hamilton, '95, W. A. Delano, '95, H. N. Hyde, '95, J. F. Hooker, '95, R. B. Mason, '95, G. Jacobus, '95, J. G. Mitchell, '95, H. G. Miller, '95, H. I. Parsons, '95, W. A. Moore, '95, L. W. Smith, '95 S., J. H. Richards, '95, B. I. Spock, '95.

Election of Y. M. C. A. Officers.

The annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association for the election of officers was held in Dwight Hall, April 1st. The following men were elected to serve for the ensuing year; President, T. F. Archbald, '96; 1st Vice-president, H. S. Coffin, '97; 2d Vice-president, H. L. McGee, '96 S.; Treasurer, J. C. Hollister, '96; Recording Secretary, H. D. Gallaudet, '98. Richard C. Morse, '62, whose term on the Advisory committee had expired, was re-elected, as was also the General Secretary, W. H. Sallmon, '94.

Base Ball Games.

The base ball scores up to date are: March 30th, Wesleyan 2, Yale 14.

BOOK NOTICES.

Four American Universities. Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.50.

A book which will meet with a hearty reception here is Harper's "Four American Universities." The article on Harvard is contributed by Charles Eliot Norton, that on Yale by Arthur T. Hadley, Columbia is discussed by Brander Matthews, and Princeton by William T. Sloan. The book is handsomely arranged, the binding strong and durable, and the printing excellent. In his well balanced article on Yale, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* several weeks ago, Professor Hadley approaches the subject almost entirely from the faculty standpoint, in marked distinction to Professor Norton, whose attitude is warmly undergraduate throughout. Professor Hadley, however, inserts a page or two of purely college talk that is rare reading. His treatment is almost wholly on the growth and expansion of the University, giving us an interesting account of the various departments, with their individual excellencies and demerits. He contributes a full discussion of the demands on the college occasioned by the "varying intellectual necessities of modern life." What he has to say on democracy here, and on the right appreciation of capacity is unusually sound. "All the traditions of Yale's social life work in the direction of valuing men for their character rather than their money or their antecedents. . . . There is a respect for work here, and a respect for unselfishness—a respect for all that constitutes a gentleman in the best sense—that renders futile any attempt to make money take the place of character, or social antecedents take the place of social qualities." Professor Hadley's article is written with the very highest degree of appreciation of the things that will really make Yale a leader in the coming years, and with the fairest kind of discussion of the things that constitute its weakness at the present.

Professor Sloane's article on Princeton is exceedingly interesting. He takes a "hail fellow well met" stand in regard to athletics, recognizing their extraordinary influence in building up a modern university, and the contrast is noticeable between what he has to say and the remarks of the Harvard contributor.

The volume is illustrated profusely, a large "bird's-eye view" accompanies each article, taken from *Harper's Weekly* of the past few years. The illustrations of Harvard and Yale are not so good as could be wished—the contrast which the wood-cuts of Farnam and Battell and old South Middle present, as compared with the artistic pen and ink sketches of Princeton's university, is marked. The book is well worth purchasing, however, and as a comparative study of our four greatest educational institutions is well worth a place in every Yale man's library.

An Introduction to the Study of English Fiction. By William E. Simonds. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

In Professor Simond's little treatise on the rise of the novel, we have a comprehensive view of the whole range of fiction. Starting with the early

English story-tellers, the study is brought to the present day, considerable attention being paid to the earlier real novelists and to the latter day realists. More than a proportionate appreciation is accorded to De Foe, for, however great his novels may appear to the scholar, it is certainly true that the writers who immediately follow him stand much higher in popular recognition. Fielding, on the other hand, suffers severely at the hands of Professor Simonds.

We have rarely read so fair a judgment of the "Triumverate of Genius" as Professor Simonds advances in his remarks on Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot. The French latter-day naturalists are handled without gloves and Emile Zola comes in for his fair share of the pummeling. Tolstoi is given his full recognition, and Ibsen fares as honorably. With these three great exponents of the French, Russian and Norwegian literatures, Professor Simonds deals fairly and squarely, and makes what were otherwise a readable book, one that is commendable to the last degree. His remarks on realism and the novel of the future are radical, and seem to point to an era that will surpass in art and dramatic construction, dealing with common life and common experiences as it will, any age that has preceded. At the end of his critical papers Professor Simonds adds a series of selections from various writers up to Sterne and Smollett. A handy index completes the volume.

Three Men of Letters. By Moses Coit Tyler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler's "Three Men of Letters" is a Yale book for Yale men. It is a group of three monographs on Bishop Berkeley, Timothy Dwight and Joel Barlow. It comes as a surprise to those of us who have always associated Dean Swift and Horace Walpole with the rather shadowy days of the Kit Cat Club, to find those revered and very reverend personages assume an earthly garb and actually come in touch with the world with which we are familiar. Professor Tyler, who is a Yale man himself, and who now occupies the position of professor of American history at Cornell University, has brought his three characters before us very vividly.

Of Bishop Berkeley, whose influence has been so deep and so lasting in the college, Professor Tyler gives us an appreciative and most interesting sketch. The prizes established here, the scholarships, the gifts of books to the library, the later memorial window, and the new building which bears his name, all bring George Berkeley before us and claim as well our respect as our gratitude.

In his monograph on President Dwight, Professor Tyler has given full rein to his facetiousness. It would be well if some of those of later generation, who groan and chafe under the despotism of our rulers, would read the life of President Dwight. It would edify some of us moderns to peruse the ways and manners of the life at early Yale. Professor Tyler says: "The students were, indeed, not required to be at their morning devotions in the chapel earlier than half-past five o'clock in winter, or than half-past four in summer." This being not enough for our worthy president, he "betoak himself from bed every morning in time to construe, before chapel,

a hundred lines of Homer." He studied (we are told) fourteen hours a day. Having "wrought" for a period less fiercely than usual (we presume on thirteen hours and a half) "goaded by remorse, he roused himself against every form of self-indulgence for the future." He calculated his diet down to so nice a point that his "most luxurious meal" consisted of just twelve mouthfuls. We are not surprised to learn of the "nineteen hard attacks of colic" which followed this, "in the course of two months," and by which he was reduced "nearly to a skeleton." This would have brought this mortal strife to a cessation for most earthly tabernacles, but for President Dwight, as our author tells us, "to die at this time, he was not." Great as the worthy President doubtless was, we are rather more amused than edified to read the account Professor Tyler has set down. In his own words there are "on this planet few spectacles more provocative of the melancholy and pallid form of mirth."

In his closing sketch of Joel Barlow, Professor Tyler is most happy, and we can only have the supremest admiration for him for his deep reading in the American classics. The LIT. chuckles with inward satisfaction to find its name in the list of authorities cited.

Daughters of the Revolution and Their Times. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.50.

Whether history should be taught as history or instilled in our youth by coupling it with romantic characters more or less historical and a pleasing style, has long been a debatable question. For many years Charles Carleton Coffin has been an ardent exponent of the latter method, and in his latest work he once more gives us an interesting as well as truthful delineation of pre-Revolutionary days. Mr. Coffin calls it an "historical romance," but the thread of romantic action running through his book is decidedly tame and artificial. We cannot help feeling that the characters are merely thrown in to add interest to history already sufficiently exciting. The effect of having the glamor of romance thrown over the staid old heroes and heroines of our Revolution, romantic as they undoubtedly were, is decidedly distasteful to the reader. It strikes us that Mr. Coffin in this work has lowered the dignity of true history, nor has he given us an historical novel of lasting merit. In endeavoring to unite history and fiction in a highly delectable manner, he has succeeded only in striking the fatal "middle course," the bane of both history and romance. "The Daughters of the Revolution" is not Mr. Coffin's first attempt in this line of historical literature, and we believe he has in no way reached the high level of "The Boys of '76." The book is tastefully bound and the illustrations and printing excellent—in fact it is just the sort of book we should expect from the house in which it is published.

P.

In Stevenson's Samoa. By Marie Fraser. New York: Macmillan & Co. 80 cents.

The recent and tragic death of Robert Louis Stevenson, at his South Pacific home, has aroused considerable interest concerning the idiosyncrasies of this eccentric novelist and poet. Marie Fraser has undertaken to

describe the Samoan home and surroundings of Stevenson and his wife, and has succeeded admirably. The book is written in an attractive style, and the customs and peculiarities of the native Samoans are very vividly described. Stevenson himself appears in the narrative at less frequent intervals than we should desire, but the work is fairly stocked with charming incidents and anecdotes illustrative of the pure and lovely character of the man. The book will be of much interest to all lovers of Stevenson. The press work is excellent, and the binding is very neat and attractive, which in themselves greatly increase its pleasure and value to the general reader.

Apropos of Stevenson the current number of the *Atlantic* contains a poem by Owen Wister, "In Memoriam Stevenson :"

" Life's Angel shining sat in his high place
To view the lands and waters of his globe ;
A leaning Shape came through the fields of space,
Stealthy, and touched the hem of his white robe.

" The Angel turned : Brother, what ill brings thee
Like thieving night to trespass on my day ?
Yonder, Death answered him, I cannot see ;
Yonder I take this star to light my way."

P.

The Story of Christine Rochefort. By Helen Choate Prince. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The modern town of Blois furnishes a setting for a very readable novel by Helen Choate Prince. "The Story of Christine Rochefort" opens with a unique device which the author calls an "overture." This gives us a glimpse of a few historic court romances at the ancient Blois, to let the old atmosphere, as she says, "penetrate unconsciously into my tale, like the scent of a dead rose." The plot runs rather close along the lines of "Marcella," sometimes crossing them and again following along in them. There is the girl Christine—the girl with ideas ; or perhaps better without ideas until the lack is supplied by a young, handsome and enthusiastic anarchist. This man's talks with Christine, and his anarchist meetings, give the author a chance to expound the old anarchistic doctrines. Then, to refute them, she makes use of Christine's indulgent husband, a man of sound though never harsh business principles ; of an old Abbé ; and most conclusive of all, the results of an anarchist outbreak in Blois. This has given her an opportunity for some very clever pictures of a community suffering under a strike ; maddened employees ; starving children and frenzied women ; and at last the murder of Martel, the agitator. His theories put in practice have had sad results. It is the girl marrying young, soon after to have her experience and heart-drama ; then the final awakening to the deserts and rich love of a forgiving husband. The story has its interest, but there are many better and stronger treatments of the same theme.

Mrs. Prince is the granddaughter of Rufus Choate, and the fact lends an additional interest to the work. The joining together of the forces of labor and capital is the author's text, and as an exposition of that most troublesome of all social questions the book merits attention.

C.

Municipal Reform Movements in the United States. By William H. Tolman. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00.

"Municipal Reform Movements in the United States" is unquestionably an able exposition of the present condition of our city governments, and of the efforts that are making for their reformation. Opening with a vigorous chapter by Dr. Parkhurst, it proceeds to describe the general movement which has arisen in the last two years, known as the "Civil Renaissance." The remainder of the book is taken up with an enumeration and brief sketch of the principal reform organizations in different parts of the country, with special attention to their methods of work. But this is the extent of its treatment of municipal reform. We had expected a comprehensive study of the subject, a strict examination of the cause of the present state of city governments, in short some new light upon a perplexing problem. Instead we are confronted with a mass of details regarding a set of organizations whose existence adds nothing to our understanding of the subject. As a book of reference, however, the present volume is invaluable.

S.

Out of the East. Reveries and Studies in New Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Hearn needs no introduction. His former work in this most delightful, yet most unfamiliar of fields, has endeared him to innumerable readers. In "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" he struck at once a keynote, and one that seemed to have the truest ring, one that he has deepened and intensified in his latest book.

"Out of the East" is a collection of "Reveries and Studies in New Japan," as the author calls it. In it he writes with the most perfect artistic skill, grouping his words and phrases in such a wholly delightful manner that the reader who takes it up cannot desist until he has gone through it, and even more, has reread part of it. All through the book rolls the blue—the "marvelous blue" of the east, "like that which comes and goes in the heart of a great shell." All along in the reading come faint imaginings of the rice-fields and plains "all turning yellow with the blossoming of the natané, . . . all lilac with the flowering of the gengebana." One feels the atmosphere of the place, the heat of the summer day, the ceaseless far-away throbs of the kettle drums beating for rain. Mr. Hearn has the rare faculty of placing the reader in the scene, of lifting him out of himself and making him live as he likes, in the land of the Dragon King. In such a sentence as this he takes us captive: "And behind a yet unwearied runner I fled away into the enormous blaze—in the direction of the great drums."

In his first chapter, Mr. Hearn tells the very beautiful story of Urashima, the fisher boy who loved the Daughter of the God of the Sea. Through all the work are strewn little lyrics in prose that captivate. We have read nothing so simple, so sweet, yet so pathetic, in a long while, as "Out of the East."

Mixed with all the poetry and the legends, and the realistic stories, Mr. Hearn weaves a thoughtful web. He is very fond of philosophizing, of meditating, of falling into a day dream in the midst of practical work. He

has some very strong ideas on the venturesome, almost impudent attitude of the west in his island home. He resents the attempts of occidental civilizers to make over old Japan into something new and alien to her nature. He attacks western artists vigorously for presuming to teach the Japanese the art of painting, and even goes so far as to state (and what he says will shock old puritan New England) that missions are a bad thing for Japan. The chapter on the jiu-jutsu presents a most extraordinary method of wrestling, where the expert will "conquer by yielding." A Japanese skilled in the jiu-jutsu will disable the strongest opponent in the twinkling of an eye.

Altogether we are greatly pleased with Lafcadio Hearn, and commend his book to the readers of the LIT. as a most praiseworthy performance.

NOTES.

Anthony Hope's *Father Stafford* comes to us from Neely, Chicago. It is written in a clever, heartless, flippant and yet readable way, and can be bought in Neely's Prismatic Library for fifty cents.

We also have from the same publisher as the last, Mr. Robt. W. Chambers' latest nightmare, with the curiosity-provoking title of *The King in Yellow*. There is a good deal of excellent writing in the volume, but withal it is extremely horrible. It is not at all a difficult thing to construct such a grawsome conglomeration as Mr. Chambers has perpetrated. All one needs is a black cat with livid green eyes and an irrepressible tendency to jump on the human shoulders and place his mystic mark on the neck of the aforesaid individual—a free use of fire, one or two ghosts, a full knowledge of the synonyms of the word "awful," and power to push the pen. Mr. Chambers has all these, but we are afraid that atop of all he has an imagination whose muse is Indigestion. In the words of the poet: "Avaunt, we've had enough!"

We find to our chagrin that we have a few more things to learn. *The Bookman* for March, in its very first utterance, informs us that "Henry Esmond, as our readers are aware, is laid among the scenes and characters of Old Virginia." We are very much interested in this disclosure of *The Bookman*. It shows unusual penetration, as well as the widest reading. When our esteemed exchange has any more such tid-bits of literary gossip to impart, we would be greatly obliged if they would accompany the parcel with a moderate-sized salt cellar.

TO BE REVIEWED.

The Essential Man. By George C. Cressey. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Co.

American Writers of To-day. By Henry C. Vedder. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Here's looking at you."

The good Saint Elihu, much abused of late, retires modestly into his niche to make room for a downy brood who stand cap in hand awaiting his departure. Farewell, reverend sir! They tell us you were a veritable Boss Croker in your early days and there are some who assert that you look down from your saintly shrine in Alumni Hall upon cribbing, etc. (spoken *sotto voce*) with never a blush.

Alas! how many smiling salutations, wordy soliloquies, tearful valedic-tories have those calm, immobile features looked down upon! (and will look down upon). Oh the pretty love ballads, the rondeaus, the triplets and what not! Who can measure the hearts that have been won or broken, the beakers that have been drained to fond, adoring eyes under the good Saint's convivial nose and within these pages? Somehow I caught the rustle of Dorothy's Spring gown this very moment and saw her pretty ankles go twinkling off the margin of this paper and I insist that I can yet hear the lilt of her laughter like fairy bells attune (you can scan that line.) She should be the presiding genius of this sanctum if I had *my way*.

The charming thing about Dorothy is that her nose is neither snub nor Roman, nor is her hair yellow or brown, and as for her eyes—well, it is just as you like, friend Collegians. If you will but sing her praises—the real, old-fashioned Dorothy, not a modern, artificial, tailor-made girl—your songs shall be duly clipped and recorded.

"Sing it, sing it tawny throat
And through the summer long,
The wind among the clover tops
And brooks for all their silvery stops
Shall envy you the song."

Mr. Aldrich wrote that, *of course*. He knows Dorothy,—Lord bless you, yes! Are your glasses filled, gentlemen? Then, here's to the rose of girl-hood—Dorothy, and one more in which that jolly devil, Saint Elihu, shall join for all his shadowy background and his austere countenance. And so fellow Collegians—"here's looking at you."

ON A ROMAN TEAR-VASE.

O little vase of glass, encrusted o'er
With pale gray ashes, choked thy slender shell
With dust wherein the breath of life did dwell
Long since; as children on the level shore
List from a hollow conch the ocean roar,
We gaze on thee, and hear the heave and swell
Of time, thy still, small utterance doth tell
Of the great sea, when time shall be no more.

Old sunshine, gladness of Horation days
 This beaker from its broken margin thrills
 My colder, northern blood like springs that fall
 Quick-bubbling from beneath the roadside wall,
 Telling of clouds and rain among the hills
 Far hence ; thou risest by our modern ways.

—*Nassau Lit.*

MARSH-LANDS IN WINTER.

The morning sunlight floods an ice-seamed plain,
 Where faded, frozen grasses stiffly stand,
 Frost-sprinkled o'er ; high-stacked on either hand,
 Brown cones from summer's largess yet remain.
 Mid-ocean's hue yon pool's free waters feign,
 In ripples blowing to the hoar-fringed land.
 On bluest skies thin vapor-shapes expand,
 That melt beneath the day-god's steady rain.
 Save here and there a coterie of crows,
 Upwinging, startled, from some grawsome feast,
 No living habitant the scene disturbs.—
 Yet, poising silver-white above the snows,
 A kingly sea-gull from the shivering East
 As to admire, his course aerial curbs.

—*The Taftonian.*

A PRIMROSE SONG.

There's a whisper of promise astir in the breeze
 And a quiver of new-guessed joy in the trees,
 And an eager, tiptoe delight under these.

There's a gleam of the sun out over the grass,
 A joyous touch of its rays in the dew ;
 Back flashes a laugh
 In the Earth's behalf
 And the primrose suns shine out anew,
 Nod, and smile, "We are rifts, are rifts,
 Where the gold of the Earth's true heart glints through."

There's a whirr of wings in the sun-flooded air,
 And a sudden sparkle of song in the tree,
 And a glad, glad word
 Flung abroad by a bird
 That rejoices aloft, "Oh see, oh see !
 How the primrose flowers are awake, awake,
 Glowing their sunshine greetings at me ! "

—*Univ. of Cal. Magazine.*



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STRANGERS.

Beneath the same four walls one stormy night,
Two men sought shelter from the wind and rain,
And while they waited dawning of the light,
Death's fear upon them, spoke out heart to heart.

When morning broke, the wanderers took their way.
Night's brief companionship appeared a dream.
They pass as strangers in the world to-day,
Each saying of the other "He forgets."

—*Smith College Monthly.*

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 Since they've put on the trolley.

—*Brunonian.*

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That came from the lips of the passers by.
The girl was vexed at the rude address,
And made up her mind to seek redress.

—*The Brunonian.*

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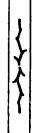
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 Though he made a poor stab,
 He learned there, at least, to wash dishes.

—*The Tech.*

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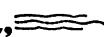
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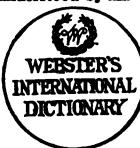
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